GENUINE AND IMPARTIAL

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and CHARACTER

OF

CHARLES RATCLIFFE, *Esq;*

Who was Beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, *Monday*, *December* 8, 1746.

With an Account of his Family, and how far he was concerned in the Rebellion in 1715; the Inducements that occasioned his coming over to *England*, in 1725; and also the last Time with the Officers of *Dillon*'s Regiment in the *Irish* Brigade in the *French* Service.

To which is Added,

A true ACCOUNT of his DYING BEHAVIOUR and LAST WORDS.

ALSO

A full Answer to the Letter inserted in the Daily Advertiser on *Saturday*, *December* 6, 1746, relating to these MEMOIRS.

Wrote by a GENTLEMAN *of the Family, to prevent the Publick being imposed on by any erroneous or partial Accounts to the Prejudice of this unfortunate Gentleman.*

LONDON:

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(Price Six-Pence.)

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OF

Charles Ratcliffe, Esq; &c.

INFATUATION in Politicks, and Fanaticism in Religion, however differently the Terms may be applied, are much the same in Signification; both of them proceed from a false Bias on the Mind, occasion'd by the Prejudices of Education, the Obligations of Friendship, Attachments to a Party, or some other accidental Cause. These or any of these, are generally too prevalent for Reason, the Understanding is blinded, and all the Faculties of the Soul are so

ſo ſtrangely perverted, that, though they act regularly, and perform their reſpective Functions duely in all other Reſpects, yet if you once employ them upon the Object that has thus warp'd them, they are all in a kind of Delirium, and Rage, Incoherence and Nonſenſe alternately uſurp the Seat of Judgment.

In Religion, how often have we ſeen a zealous Perſuaſion in Opinion inciting People to commit the greateſt Indecencies and Abſurdities? I remember in the latter End of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, a Set of Viſionaries ſtarted up, who call'd themſelves *French Prophets*. A principal Man was one Mr. *Lacey*, whoſe Conduct and Behaviour I had frequent Opportunities to ſee and obſerve. He was a Gentleman of good Fortune, and I think in the Commiſſion of the Peace; a Man of good Parts, well read in the Laws of his Country, furniſh'd with all Sorts of Learning, and cou'd diſcourſe on any Topick to the Satisfaction of his Company: but whenever it happen'd that Religion was the Subject of Converſation, he rav'd, he foam'd, and had all the Symptoms of Madneſs upon him; but when the Diſcourſe was chang'd to ſome other Topic, he appear'd a polite ſenſible Man; and in the Propagation of his abſurd Notions he ſpent an affluent Fortune, and reduced himſelf to the greateſt Poverty.

There are, I believe, as great Bigots in Politicks as in Religion. Whenever a Man has imbib'd a Set of Notions, by which the Party to which he has attach'd himſelf is diſtinguiſh'd, 'tis ſeldom or ever that he is convinc'd of the Falſity of thoſe Notions, how erroneous ſoever they are. And tho' it ſhou'd happen, that a Man get the better of his Prejudices, and freely diſcerns his Judgment of the Truth of Things, and thereby ſatisfies himſelf that he has been all along in

an Error; yet such is the Weakness of Human Nature, that he cannot prevail with himself to renounce the Party that espouses those erroneous Notions, from a false Point of Honour, that it wou'd discover a Meanness of Spirit to depart from those Engagements which he had once enter'd into. Thus he goes on to sin against Conviction, because he fancies the World would charge him with Weakness and Flexibility in changing his Opinion; not considering that the human Judgment is fallible, and liable to Imposition from the false and deceitful Appearances of Objects that are presented to it.

Thus may we account for the Obstinacy and pertinacious Perseverance, which many, indeed most of the Rebels who have lately suffer'd, have shewn to the last Moment of their Lives. They had imbib'd Principles to the Prejudice of our happy Government, under which they might have liv'd in the full and free Enjoyment of their Liberties and Properties; but having once taken up a Perswasion that there was a Person of the Race of *Stuarts* who had a Right to the Crown, they imagin'd that all the Bonds of Society, both Civil and Sacred, ought to be broke, the Liberties of their Country sacrific'd, and the establish'd Religion, which many even of them profess'd, ought to be banish'd and destroy'd, to make the Way clear and easy for his Ascension to the Throne. They did not give themselves leave to consider, that though they should be right in their Opinion, that the Pretender's Claim was ever so just; yet that their Obligations to the Government, under whose Protection they liv'd, the Liberties, Privileges and Properties, which their Fellow-Subjects so happily enjoy'd, and the Ties of Religion, which ought to have the greatest Weight with every Man who professes Christianity, are Considerations

which

which ought to preponderate when put in Balance againſt the Intereſts of one Man, however clear his Pretenſions might be. They perſuaded themſelves that the Cauſe they fought in was juſt, and therefore if they loſt their Lives in the Support of it, they ſhou'd be regiſter'd in the Liſt of Martyrs, and merit Heaven by their Sufferings.

As to Mr. *Ratcliffe*, who is the Subject of theſe Memoirs, I think it not very difficult to account for his Conduct, how extraordinary ſoever it has appear'd of late in the Eyes of the Public. It muſt be remember'd, that both he and his Brother the late Earl of *Derwentwater*, were educated in the Principles of the Church of *Rome*; that he had abſolutely attach'd himſelf to the Intereſts of the Pretender; that for Thirty Years paſt he has liv'd in the Service of another Prince, and under a Foreign Government; and that he once receiv'd the Sentence of Death in his Native Country: All theſe Conſiderations put together might contribute to alienate his Affection from that Government under which he was born, and induce him to fight againſt that Eſtabliſhment from which he never expected to receive any Benefit or Protection, which he knew he had juſtly forfeited. I will allow too, that his Behaviour as an *Engliſhman*, has been far from being conſonant to that humble and ſubmiſſive Demeanour, which becomes a Criminal in his melancholy Circumſtances, and appearing before a *Britiſh* Court of Judicature. But when I conſider the length of Time he has been in *France*, I can't help ſuppoſing him to have acquired the Habits, and even the very Nature of a *Frenchman*, whoſe Temper it is to bully and ſwagger, when other Means of Relief are out of his Power. There is no Doubt but he conſider'd himſelf a Subject of *France*, and that he was accountable only to the Prince of that Country for his Civil

Conduct,

Conduct, which, in his Opinion, muſt ſuperſede any Authority which the *Britiſh* Laws might claim over him. This, I imagine, was his Way of thinking: But how weak and deluſive! He ſhou'd rather have conſider'd the Juſtice of his former Sentence, by which he was righteouſly condemn'd, for endeavouring to ſubvert the Laws, Religion and Liberties of his Country, for ſeeking to deſtroy the Life of a Prince who indulg'd him in the Profeſſion and Practice of his own Religion, though that Religion was not licens'd by the Laws, and contrary to that eſtabliſh'd in his Native Country; that he ought rather by the moſt penitent and humble Behaviour, have render'd himſelf, in ſome Meaſure, an Object worthy of his Majeſty's Clemency; that the Government have too contemptible an Opinion of the *French* Power, to be intimidated by any Menaces or Inſults that may be made uſe of by its Tools to ſcreen themſelves from the juſt Reſentments of a *Britiſh* Monarch; and that whatever his Opinion was with Reſpect to the Juriſdiction of an *Engliſh* Court over him; yet that a Court of Juſtice, in every Country, requires that a Deference and Reſpect ſhould be paid to the Judges and Members who conſtitute that Court. And I am very ſorry to ſay, that Mr. *Ratcliffe*, who had the Education of a Gentleman, and cou'd not be wholly ignorant in the Manner of conducting himſelf before a Court of Judicature, ſhou'd behave himſelf ſo inconſiſtently both with Reſpect to good Manners and his own Intereſt, as he did on a late Occaſion.

But notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid of the Folly and Abſurdity, the Wickedneſs and Baſeneſs of Mr. *Ratcliffe*'s Conduct and Principles, I cannot help calling him an *unfortunate* Gentleman, tho' that Epithet has, it ſeems, given great Offence to a certain Scribler in the *Daily Advertiſer*,

Advertiſer, of *December* 6. I wou'd fain know of this *indiſcreet Zealot* for the Government, to what Cauſe or Cauſes are generally owing the Misfortunes and Calamities that befal Mankind? Are they not frequently by their Vices and bad Conduct? When he ſees a Man reduc'd from opulent Circumſtances to the loweſt Degree of Penury and Want, and his Family ſuffering all thoſe Diſtreſſes which they muſt neceſſarily feel when the Head of it is in ſuch a deplorable Situation; is not his Pity, his Compaſſion excited, tho' he knows that the Man himſelf had occaſion'd thoſe Misfortunes by his own Extravagancies and bad Oeconomy? It muſt, unleſs he has diveſted himſelf of Humanity. Any Man of a generous Way of thinking, will be ſorry that his Friend, his Neighbour, or any Perſon who makes a Figure in Life, ſhou'd have ſo little Prudence, ſo little Oeconomy, ſo little Regard to the Happineſs of his Wife and Family, as to ſuffer himſelf and them to be diſtreſs'd by his own Irregularities. Can any Body blame me for calling ſuch an one an *unfortunate Man?* Nay, tho' I ſhou'd ſee him ſo harden'd in his Folly, as to laugh at his own Misfortunes, and to make a Jeſt of the evil Occurrences which, thro' his Means, have befel his Relations and Dependants, muſt I too join with him in his Perverſeneſs, and make his and their Calamities the Subject of my Ridicule and Railery? No; I think he is the more the Object of my Pity; and his Inſenſibility inſtructs me to bewail the Weakneſſes and Frailties of Human Nature, and the low Ebb to which Reaſon in ſuch a Man is reduc'd. Do we ever laugh at the Abſurdities or Exceſſes committed by a Mad-man? Is not our Compaſſion rather excited, when we ſee the noble Faculty of Reaſon ſuſpended, and, as to the preſent Uſe of

it, utterly extinguiſhed? Are we not apt to call ſuch a Perſon an *unfortunate Man*?

Thus, with regard to Bigots in Party and political Affairs; when we obſerve Gentlemen of Figure acting a Part diametrically oppoſite to the Intereſt of their Country, we are glad when we ſee them brought to condign Puniſhment for their Offences; yet ſurely there is ſtill Room for the Exerciſe of Humanity. Can there be any Crime in pitying a Man of great Parts, fine Senſe, and excelling in many generous and heroic Virtues, when we ſee him employ thoſe noble Talents to the worſt Purpoſes, the Subverſion of his Country, and the Deſtruction of all its antient Liberties and Privileges? Is there any Harm in ſaying, that ſuch a Gentleman is very *unfortunate* in his Purſuits? And that even Mr. *Ratcliffe* himſelf was very *unfortunate*, in not being more ſenſible to his own Intereſt, than to affront the Government in whoſe abſolute Diſpoſal his Fate was? I dare ſay, he wou'd have ſtood a better Chance for his Life, had he demean'd himſelf in a Manner more becoming one in his unfortunate Condition.

One Word more with this hot-headed Advocate for Inhumanity, and then I ſhall leave him to the Correction of his own Conſcience. He ſays, 'It is difficult to ſuppoſe a Gentleman of 'the Family impartial, and impoſſible for a Man 'of Underſtanding to believe he is ſo, if a *P--ſt*.' Very charitable truly! to prepoſſeſs the Publick againſt theſe *Memoirs*, which, at the Time of his Writing, he knew nothing of, and yet wou'd inſinuate cannot be written with Impartiality, becauſe (as he ſuppoſes) penn'd by *a Gentleman of the Family*, and one who he likewiſe inſinuates muſt be a Prieſt. As to the firſt Part of the Inſinuation, I wou'd ask him, Who is ſo proper

to give an Account of the Principles, Conduct and Behaviour of a Gentleman, as one, who has known him thro' the whole Courſe of his Life, and been privy to his moſt intimate Concerns? As to the Impartiality of the Writer of theſe *Memoirs*, that muſt be left ſolely to the Judgment of the Publick, by which only his Credit muſt ſtand or fall.

With regard to that Part of his Inſinuation, in which he ſuggeſts our Author to be a *Prieſt*, (he means, I preſume, a *Romiſh* Prieſt) he was never more miſtaken in his Life. I do aſſure him, that the King has not a more faithful Subject, nor the People a more ſtrenuous Aſſertor of their Rights and Privileges than he is; of which he can give undeniable Teſtimony whenever thereto properly required. He is a ſincere Lover of his Country, and a Profeſſor of the Proteſtant Religion as eſtabliſh'd among us, under the Protection of his Majeſty King *George*; whom God long preſerve! But let this ſuffice by Way of Anſwer to this angry Scribler, till I hear further from him. Let us now proceed to the Narrative which I have propos'd to give of the Life, Conduct and Adventures of this *unhappy* Gentleman.

Charles Ratcliffe, Eſq; was younger Brother to the late *James* Earl of *Derwentwater*, who was beheaded in the Year 1716, for traiterouſly conſpiring the Death of his Majeſty King *George* I. Both he and his Brother had an Education ſuitable to their high Birth; and as the Religion they were brought up in was the ſame, that is, the *Romiſh*, it's no Wonder that they imbib'd the ſame Principles of Government, which are, and always will be oppoſite to thoſe on which the preſent happy Eſtabliſhment is founded.

The

The Family of *Derwentwater* can boaſt as high a Deſcent as moſt Families in the Kingdom, and ſeveral Branches of it make a ſhining Figure in Hiſtory. 'Tis true, none of them were advanc'd to the Dignity of the Peerage, before Sir *Francis Ratcliffe*, Grandfather of *James* the late Earl, who was created Earl of *Derwentwater* by King *Charles* II. upon his marrying the Lady *Mary Tudor*, the natural Daughter of that Prince, by Miſtreſs *Davis*. This Alliance to the Royal Blood, gave them a Title to match with the nobleſt Families in the Kingdom; and was likewiſe the Occaſion of that ſtrict Attachment which the ſeveral Branches of the *Derwentwater* Family have inviolably preſerv'd for the Line of *Stuarts* ever ſince. But beſides this natural Relation between the Family of *Derwentwater*, and that of the *Stuarts*, which alone might be ſufficient to create Affection and Friendſhip between them, the late Earl had another Inducement, which alone might be powerful enough to prevail with him, to take the Part he did in that unhappy Rebellion for which he ſuffer'd; and that is, he had the chief Part of his Education with the Pretender at St. *Germains*; which, no doubt, contributed very much to cement the natural Affinity between the two Families.

Charles, the Earl's Brother, had likewiſe his Education in *France*, and under the Tuition of *Romiſh* Prieſts, who inſtill'd into him thoſe Principles, which have a natural Tendency to the Subverſion of the *Britiſh* Conſtitution both in Church and State. From them he imbib'd an implacable Enmity to the Prince on the Throne, and the Proteſtant Religion which was by Law eſtabliſh'd in the Kingdom. By theſe Prieſts he was taught, to call all thoſe Hereticks who diſſented from the Church of *Rome*, and inſtructed to be-

lieve, that the deſtroying ſuch with Fire and Sword, and all Manner of Cruelties, was ſo far from being a Sin, that it alone would certainly entitle him of Heaven, altho' he ſhould be guilty of the moſt enormous Crimes that ever blacken'd an Offender. If then Mr. *Ratcliffe* had ſuch a wrong Biaſs given him in his Education, at a Time when his Mind was, as it were, a perfect Blank, and capable of receiving any Impreſſion, what Wonder is it, that he retain'd thoſe Principles, and acted under their Influence thro' the whole Courſe of his Life?

The late Earl of *Derwentwater* and his Brother *Charles* were ſo ſtrongly attach'd to the Pretender's Party, that their Advice or Conſent was not ſo much as ask'd in thoſe Conſultations that were held among the Diſaffected previous to the Rebellion; neither did the Party think it neceſſary, becauſe they were always ſure of them, whenever they ſhou'd come to Action. However, in this, they overſhot themſelves a little in their Politicks. For, had they given the Earl and his Brother timely Notice of their intended Inſurrection, theſe Gentlemen might have brought a powerful Force into the Field, being greatly eſteem'd and reſpected by all the Gentlemen round the Country: Whereas it's notorious that they join'd the Rebels, attended only by their menial Servants, and ſome few Gentlemen of the Country, who happen'd to be in their Company when they form'd the Reſolution of engaging in that unnatural Rebellion.

I cannot forbear here gratifying the Reader with the Character of the late Earl of *Derwentwater*, as drawn by the Rev. Mr. *Patten*, Author of the Hiſtory of that Rebellion. He ſays, "It was thought, that this Lord did not join either ſo heartily or ſo premeditately in this Affair as

was

was expected; for there is no doubt but he might have brought far greater Numbers into the Field than he did; the great Estate he possessed, the Money he could command, his Interest among the Gentlemen, and, which is above all, his being so well beloved as he was, could not have fail'd to have procur'd him many Hundreds of Followers more than he had, if he had thought fit; for his Concerns in the Lead-mines of *Aston-Moor* were very considerable, where several Hundreds of Men were employ'd under him, and got their Bread from him, whom, there is no Doubt, he might easily have engaged: Besides this, the Sweetness of his Disposition, in which he had few Equals, had so secur'd him the Affection of all his Tenants, Neighbours, and Dependants, that Multitudes would have liv'd and dy'd with him. The Truth is, he was a Man formed by Nature to be generally beloved; for he was of so general a Beneficence, that he seem'd to live for others. As he liv'd among his own People, there he spent his Estate, and continually did Offices of Kindness and Good-neighbourhood to every Body, as Opportunity offer'd. He kept a House of generous Hospitality and noble Entertainment, which few in that Country do, and none came up to. He was very charitable to poor and distressed Families on all Occasions, whether known to him or not, and whether Papist or Protestant. His Fate is sensibly felt by a great many, who had no Kindness for the Cause he died in, and who heartily wish'd he had not forwarded his own Ruin, and their Loss, by his Indiscretion in that mad, as well as wicked Undertaking."

Pity it is that so good a Man should involve himself in such an unfortunate Expedition. Which indeed, might and would have been prevented, had not the Design of the then Ministry took Wind too soon. They knew that the Earl had a

very

very large Intereſt, and was exceedingly beloved in the Country where he liv'd; they knew too what his Religion and Principles were; and were ſenſible that if he ſhould take Arms he would draw a Part of the Country after him: To prevent which they thought proper to iſſue out their Warrant for the Apprehenſion of him and his Brother; which would have effectually put a Stop to their joining with the Rebels: But the Affair being known in the Secretary's Office, one of the Clerks, whether out of Affection to the Earl, or for what other Cauſe, is not known, very officiouſly communicated the Secret to ſome of the Earl's Friends here in *London*, who immediately gave him Notice of it. This determin'd him to join the Rebels with all Speed, and was the principal Reaſon why he took ſo few of his Followers with him. Happy had it been for him, happy for his Lady, and happy for his Family, had he ſtaid at Home, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be withheld from that fatal Expedition.

Mr. *Ratcliffe*, the Earl's Brother, was then about two and twenty Years of Age, full of Spirit and Courage, bold and daring even to a Raſhneſs, and was generally the firſt to offer himſelf to go upon the moſt hazardous Enterprizes. He ſeem'd to ſet no Value upon his Life where Honour was to be won, or Service to be perform'd. This intrepid Behaviour, which he was forward to manifeſt on all Occaſions, endear'd him very much to the Chiefs of the Rebels, and therefore the Earl gave him the Command of his Troop, and Captain *Shafroe* commanded under him.

As Mr. *Ratcliffe* had never been in an Army before, and conſequently knew nothing of military Diſcipline, it can't be ſuppoſed that he was preſently ſo expert in the Art of War as older Officers, who had ſerv'd in ſeveral Campaigns be-

fore

fore. But what he wanted in Experience and Knowledge, he made good in Bravery, and in animating his Men to great Exploits.

But before we enter upon Action, it will be neceſſary for the Reader to keep Company with the Earl and his Brother in their Journey from Place to Place, till they had join'd their Friends in the North.

Mr. *Forſter*, who had likewiſe fled from his Houſe, on a Notice that was given, that a Warrant was iſſued from the Secretary's Office to take him, finding that he cou'd not hide himſelf long in any Place of Safety, ſent out Meſſengers to his Friends of the Party, to meet him in *Northumberland*; where being met, they came to a Reſolution to muſter up all the Forces they could, and to appear in Arms. Purſuant to this Reſolution, Notice was given to all their Friends to meet *Oct.* 6. at a Place call'd *Greemrig*; and about twenty Gentlemen repair'd to the Rendezvous; but without ſtaying there, they rode to the Top of a Hill called the *Waterfalls*; from whence they ſoon diſcover'd the Earl of *Derwentwater* and his Brother, with their Company, who came that Morning from the Earl's Seat at *Dilſton*. In coming from thence, their Way lying thro' the Town of *Corbridge*, they all drew their Swords, and in that Order march'd thro' it. From thence they proceeded to the Seat of Mr. *Errington*, where they halted, and the Earl was join'd by ſeveral other Gentlemen, and ſo proceeded in a Body to the Place appointed for their Rendezvous, where the fore-mentioned Company met them. Their Company now conſiſted of about 60 Horſe, moſt of them Gentlemen with their Attendants. They went forwards towards the River *Coquett*, to a Place call'd *Plainfield*, where they were joined by ſeveral others. From thence they

march'd

march'd on to *Rothbury*, and from thence to *Warkworth*, a ſmall Town upon the Sea-coaſt, their Number ſtill increaſing as they march'd. Here they proclaim'd the Pretender, which was done by Mr. *Forſter* in Diſguiſe, and was the firſt Place in *England* where the Pretender was proclaim'd.

October 10. They came to *Morpeth*, where they were join'd by 60 *Scots* Horſe; ſo that now they were 300 ſtrong: Here they prepar'd to march to *Newcaſtle*; in order to which, the Earl of *Derwentwater* order'd his Brother Mr. *Ratcliffe* to take a Party of Horſe, and go and ſeize the Poſt at *Felton Bridge*; which he did without any Loſs; for indeed, as yet, no Body did oppoſe them. However, the Rebels were diſappointed in their Deſign upon *Newcaſtle*: But the Townſmen taking the Alarm, arm'd, and prepar'd for their Defence; which the Rebels being inform'd of, they turn'd off, and march'd to *Hexham*, and were joined by ſome more *Scots* Horſe.

While they lay at *Hexham*, they had Information that General *Carpenter*, at the Head of a conſiderable Body, was come out in Purſuit of them, and was preparing to attack them. Upon which a Council of War was held, and Mr. *Ratcliffe* propos'd to march out and fight them, before they had recover'd themſelves from their long Marches, which they had been obliged to make. But the other Leaders did not think this adviſable; becauſe moſt of their Men were raw and unexperience'd, and had never yet fac'd an Enemy: Whereas the King's Forces were diſciplin'd Troops, and had a brave General at their Head, who knew his Buſineſs as well as any Man alive; and therefore, for the preſent, it was better to avoid fighting, till they were reinforced by the Forces which they expected every Day to join them; ſince a Miſcarriage

at the Beginning wou'd certainly prove fatal to the whole Undertaking. This Counſel was follow'd; and they reſolv'd to march forward to meet the Forces that were coming to join them from *Scotland*, headed by their Leaders the Lords *Kenmure*, *Nithſdale*, *Carnwarth*, and *Wintoun*, and were advanced as far as *Rothbury*. Here the *Engliſh* and *Scots* Rebels join'd their Forces, and march'd directly from thence to *Wooller* in *Northumberland*. Here it was they reſolved to march for *Scotland*, where they were aſſured their Friends were very numerous. Accordingly they paſs'd the *Tweed*, and came to *Kelſo*. Here they muſter'd their Forces, and found them to amount to about 1400; and they ſtaid in this Town about five Days; but hearing that General *Carpenter* was come with his Forces as far as *Wooller*, and intended immediately to face *Kelſo*, a Council of War was called, in order ſeriouſly to conſider what Courſe they ſhould take. The Lord *Wintoun* was for marching away into the Weſt of *Scotland*, and gave ſeveral ſubſtantial Reaſons for it: But the *Engliſh* imagining that half the People in the Country would riſe as ſoon as ever they ſhould ſee a Standard erected for the Pretender, rejected this Advice, and the Majority of Voices being on their Side, it was reſolv'd to march back into *England*.

Mr. *Ratcliffe* then propos'd to repaſs the *Tweed*, and attack the King's Forces, ſince, at that Juncture, they had a manifeſt Advantage from the Weakneſs and Wearineſs of General *Carpenter's* Men, who were indeed extremely fatigued, and their whole Complement did not conſiſt of above 500 Men; whereof two Regiments of Dragoons were new raiſed, and had never ſeen any Service. This Advice was bold, and agreeable to Mr. *Ratcliffe's* fiery and ſpirited Tem-

per, and if it had been follow'd, it's very probable the King's Troops would have been worſted, conſidering how much they were fatigued, and were not half the Number of the Rebels. But neither was this Advice follow'd, tho' it ſeem'd the beſt that could be given at that Time. For there was a Fatality that attended all their Counſels, for they could never agree to any one Thing that tended to their Advantage.

However, it was thought neceſſary to decamp from *Kelſo*, which they did, and taking a little to the Right, marched to *Jedburgh*. Being arrived here, Word was brought them, that General *Carpenter* had fallen upon their Foot which had not yet reach'd the Town. This put them into the utmoſt Conſternation; however, Mr. *Ratcliffe* mounted his Horſe, and bid them who had any Courage left, to follow him. Upon which they all mounted likewiſe, and gallop'd away to relieve their Friends: But, as it happened, there was no Occaſion; it being a Miſtake, occaſion'd by another Party of their own Men, who had taken a different Rout.

While they lay at *Jedburgh*, they perceiv'd that an Opportunity offered of getting the Start of General *Carpenter* by three Days March. Upon which a Conſultation was held, and the *Engliſh* Gentlemen earneſtly preſs'd, and it was accordingly reſolved, to croſs the Mountains, and march for *England*. This Reſolution however, had like to have been attended with fatal Conſequences; for the Highlanders could not be perſuaded to croſs the Borders; which oblig'd them to alter their Reſolution.

From *Jedburgh* they march'd to *Hawick*, a ſmall Town belonging to the Dutcheſs of *Buccleugh*, at whoſe Houſe the Lord *Derwentwater* and his Brother,

Brother, the preſent unfortunate Mr. *Ratcliffe*, with ſeveral others of the Chiefs took up their Quarters.

Mr. *Ratcliffe*, who had never ſeen much of the World before, fancied himſelf now upon his Travels; and accordingly it was a great Part of his Amuſement to make Obſervations on whatever he met with that deſerved his Notice; at every Town he came to, he enquired what were the moſt remarkable Cuſtoms and Curioſities of the Place; what Monuments of famous Men or Actions, or other noted Pieces of Antiquity, were remaining among them; and whatever Informations he could get of this Kind, he took down in his Book. Nor was he leſs curious in obſerving the various Tempers and Paſſions of Men, as well in Council as in the Field, in Action as in Converſation. When any falſe Alarm was given, that the King's Forces were at Hand and ready to fall upon them, he was ſure to take particular Notice of the Countenances of the Officers about him, when they were ordered to head their Corps and march againſt the Enemy. Some of them he obſerved were cover'd with Paleneſs, and look'd as if the Men were already half dead; while others he ſaw flushing with Fire and Fury, or ſettled in a compoſed Sternneſs; theſe he always found to be the beſt Soldiers in the Time of real Action.

Upon their marching to *Hawick*, the Highlanders ſtill ſuppoſing that they were going for *England*, again mutinied, ſeperated themſelves, and went to the Top of a riſing Ground, where they reſted their Arms, and declar'd they would not ſtir a Step farther; but would go with the Lord *Wintoun* to the Weſt of *Scotland*, join the Clans there, and either croſs the *Forth* above *Stirling*, or ſend Word to the Earl of *Mar*, that they would fall upon the Duke of *Argyle*'s Rear, whilſt he attack'd him in Front; which if they had

done, it's very poſſible they would have been too hard for the Duke, who was then but weak in Forces.

Mr. *Ratcliffe* thought theſe Propoſals of the Highlanders were too juſt and reaſonable to be rejected, without examining into the Truth of them, and therefore he deſired to hear whatever would be objected againſt them; and when every one had given his Opinion, and finding that all the *Engliſh* Officers were reſolved to march into *England*, and that their Reaſons for it were too weak to ballance thoſe given by the Highlanders for their March into *Scotland*; he ſided with the latter, and declar'd it as his Opinion, that they ſhould be better able to ſerve the Cauſe by joining the Highlanders in their propoſed March to the Weſt of *Scotland*, than by continuing their Route to *England*, where it was uncertain what Aſſiſtance they ſhould have from their Friends, many of whom tho' he knew were hearty in the Cauſe, yet were fearful of appearing in it, till they ſaw ſome Probability of its ſucceeding; and that others, who were Gentlemen of Fortune, tho' they were hearty well wiſhers to the Cauſe, yet having too much to riſque, did not care publickly to embark in it, till they had ſome rational Grounds to hope for Succeſs. That therefore he thought, that their beſt Way would be, to ſtrike a bold Stroke in *Scotland*, and endeavour to make a complete Conqueſt of that Kingdom; which if it could be done (and he ſaw no mighty Obſtruction that lay in the Way) they ſhould be then able to raiſe powerful Armies, and ſend them into *England*, and be ready to ſuccour them with any Supplies, and ſhould always be in a Place of Retreat in Caſe any Diſaſter ſhould befal their Army: Whereas, in *England*, if they ſhould happen to meet with a Rebuff, they ſhould be entirely

entirely ruin'd, having no Reſource, or any Meane of retrieving a Misfortune of this Kind.

This ſeem'd to be wholeſome Advice; but the Leaders were ſo infatuated, that they would hearken to nothing that contradicted the Reſolution of going back to *England*.

When Mr. *Ratcliffe* perceiv'd that whatever he could ſay would be to no Purpoſe, he begg'd of them to give him only an hundred Horſe, and with them he would take his Fortune along with the Highlanders. But this cou'd not be granted, becauſe it would weaken their Forces too much, diſcourage their Friends from joining them, and give their Enemies an Opportunity to cruſh them before they ſhould be able to make Head againſt them.

Several Councils and Conſultations were held about this Affair of the Highlanders, and many Meſſages paſſed to and fro between them; at laſt the Highlanders agreed to ſtay with them ſo long as they continued on the North Side the *Tweed*, but were determin'd to go no further than the Borders.

After they had march'd about from Place to Place for ſome Time, the *Engliſh* Gentlemen at laſt grew poſitive for an Attempt upon *England*, having, they ſaid, receiv'd Letters from *Lancaſhire*, inviting them thither, and aſſuring them, that there would be a general Inſurrection upon their appearing, and that 20,000 Men would immediately join them. Whether they had ſuch Expreſſes or no, was never certainly known; but they affirmed it to the Army, and urged the Advantages of a ſpeedy March into *England* with ſuch Vehemence, that they turned the Scale: But Mr. *Ratcliffe* always proteſted againſt it, as a Meaſure which would certainly be their Ruin, as indeed it prov'd. Upon which about 500 Highlanders left them,

them, and the Earl of *Wintoun* went off likewiſe with a good part of his Troop, tho' he afterwards rejoin'd them.

But notwithſtanding all theſe Diſcouragements, they were not diſhearten'd, but ſtill continued in their Reſolution of marching for *England* with ſuch of their Forces as were willing to bear them Company. It is not neceſſary for our Purpoſe, to give a particular Detail of their daily Marches and Stages till their Arrival in *Lancaſhire*, ſince nothing of Conſequence happen'd all the Way, wherein Mr. *Ratcliffe* had any Concern.

On the 10th of *November* they came to *Preſton*, where they proclaim'd the Pretender, and were join'd by a great many Gentlemen, with their Tenants, Servants, and Attendants, but all Papiſts. When the Alarm was given that the King's Forces were coming to attack them, and were but a few Miles off, Mr. *Farquarſon*, at the Head of a Body of the Rebels, went out of Town as far as *Ribble* Bridge, where they poſted themſelves, to hinder the King's Forces from proceeding any farther; but were ſoon called off, and the Paſſage was left free for General *Wills* and his Troops to paſs up to the Town.

In the mean Time, the Rebels in the Town prepared for a reſolute Defence. The Gentlemen Voluntiers were drawn up in the Churchyard, under the Command of the Lord *Derwentwater* and his Brother Mr. *Ratcliffe*. Both of them behav'd with the greateſt Intrepidity, both of them animating their Men both by Words and Example, to behave with Courage ſuitable to the emergent Occaſion, and they maintain'd their Ground a great while with the utmoſt Bravery; and indeed they behav'd ſo well, that they oblig'd the King's Forces to retire. During the whole Action, Mr. *Ratcliffe* was in the Midſt of the Fire, and expos'd to as

as much Danger as the meaneſt Soldier then upon Duty. But the Rebels being now inveſted on all Sides, ſeveral of their Chiefs prevail'd on Mr. *Forſter* to propoſe a Capitulation; which the Highlanders oppos'd, and Mr. *Ratcliffe* proteſted againſt, and ſaid, that he had rather die with his Sword in his Hand, like a Man of Honour, than be drag'd like a Felon to the Gallows, and to be there hang'd like a Dog. But the Majority being againſt him, he was oblig'd to ſubmit with the reſt.

He was afterwards brought to *London* with many more of the Rebel Chiefs; the Lords were committed to the *Tower*, and he with others to *Newgate*, on the 8th of *May* 1716, Mr. *Ratcliffe* was arraign'd at the Exchequer Bar at *Weſtminſter*, for High Treaſon, to which he pleaded not guilty. On the 18th of the ſame Month, he was brought there again, and tried upon the Indictment, and having but little to ſay in his Defence, he was found Guilty.

In a few Days after, he, with eleven more of the Chiefs were carried to *Weſtminſter* in ſix Coaches, in order to have Sentence of Death paſs'd upon them. It deſerves Remark, and was at that Time particularly taken Notice of, that when the Coach which Mr. *Ratcliffe* was in, came into *Fleet-Street*, his Majeſty King *George* I. was then paſſing along in his Coach, being then going to *Hanover* for the firſt Time after his Aſcenſion to the Throne. This oblig'd Mr. *Ratcliffe*'s Coach to ſtop; which happening oppoſite to a Diſtiller's Shop, the third Door on the Right Hand towards *Temple-Bar*, he call'd for half a Pint of Annſeed, which himſelf, his Fellow-Priſoner, and a Servant of *Newgate*, drank, and then proceeded to *Weſtminſter*, where Sentence of Death was pronounced upon him.

He was ſeveral Times reſpited, and perhaps might have been pardon'd; but not caring to truſt

to

to an Event ſo doubtful, began to entertain Thoughts of making his Eſcape, which he actually effected, with thirteen others in the following Manner.

The Day appointed for the Purpoſe, the Rebel Chiefs in *Newgate*, had a very grand Entertainment, which they kept in a Room called the *Caſtle*, which is in the upper Part of the Priſon. Mr. *Ratcliffe* was then dreſs'd in a Suit of Black; and when the Company were in the Height of their Merriment, obſerving a little Door open in the Corner of the Room, he went thro' it, and was follow'd by thirteen more of the Rebels who were then in Company. The Paſſage from this Door, led them to the Maſter's Side Debtors, where the Turnkey not knowing 'em, but ſuppoſing 'em to be Strangers who came to ſee their Friends let 'em out.

Being got clear of *Newgate*, he took the firſt Opportunity of getting a Paſſage to *France*. He liv'd there in a very poor and mean Condition, tho' conſtantly fed with Promiſes by the Courtiers; and the Pretender being oblig'd to quit the Dominions of *France*, Mr. *Ratcliffe* follow'd him for ſome Time, ſubſiſted upon a poor Penſion, ſuch as his Maſter cou'd afford to allow him. Beſides which he had nothing, except a ſmall Remittance from his Nephew in *England*.

After he had been with the Pretender ſome Time, he return'd to *Paris*, where he made his Addreſſes to and married the Lady *Newburgh*, Relict of *Levingſton*, Lord *Newburgh*, a *Scots* Nobleman, by whom he has a Son.

In the Year 1733, he came over to *England*, and reſided in *Pall-Mall* for ſeveral Months; and tho' publickly known, yet the Miniſtry did not think proper to take any Notice of him, ſo long as he behav'd quietly, and gave no Diſturbance to the Government. In the Year 1735, he was over here

here again, and endeavour'd, by the Mediation of Friends to procure his Pardon, though unſucceſsfully.

In the Year 1745, when the late Rebellion broke out in *Scotland*, Mr. *Ratcliffe* intended to have had his Share in it; and for that Purpoſe he, his Son, and ſeveral other *Scots* and *Iriſh* Officers embark'd on Board the *Eſperance* Privateer, which was taken by the *Sheerneſs* Man of War before theſe Gentlemen cou'd land in *Scotland*. Mr. *Ratcliffe* and his Son, were brought to Town and carried to the *Tower*; but his Son, who was at firſt thought to be the Pretender's youngeſt Son, was ſoon after ſent to *France* by way of Exchange, agreeable to the Cartel eſtabliſh'd between the two Kingdoms; for as he was born in *France*, he could not be a Traitor to the King of *Great Britain*.

November 20. He was carried under a ſtrong Guard from the *Tower* to *Weſtminſter*; but his Behaviour in Court was very unbecoming a Gentleman, and he treated the Court with a great deal of Rudeneſs; inſiſting that he was Earl of *Derwentwater*, and expected that the Court ſhould treat him in a Manner agreeable to his Dignity, and talk'd very impertinently to the Judges.

The Judges however took no Advantage of his abuſive and unmannerly Language, and his Council inſinuated, that he was diſorder'd in his Senſes. They bore his Impertinence with Abundance of Patience, and at laſt acquainted him; that on *Monday* the 24th they ſhould proceed to impannel a Jury, to try whether he was the identical *Charles Ratcliffe*, who received Sentence of Death 30 Years before; and then remanded him back to the *Tower*.

On *Monday, Nov.* 24, He was again brought to the *King's-Bench* Bar, in order to be arraigned, but he would neither hold up his Hand nor plead;

plead; insisting that he was a Subject only of the King of *France*, whose Commission he bore, as he was ready to prove from the Testimony of the Ambassador of the King of *Naples*, then in Court. The Court taking no Notice of his Allegations, order'd his former Indictment and Conviction to be read to him in *English*. But this, he said, had no Relation to him, for his Name was not *Charles Ratcliffe*, as he was there called, but the Earl of *Derwentwater*; Which Expression his Counsel catching hold of, said, that that was the Plea which the Prisoner relied on; which being allowed, Issue was joined.

His Council then moved to put off his Trial, alledging that two of his material Witnesses were absent, as sworn in his Affidavit, wherein he had subscribed himself Count *de Derwentwater*. But the Council for the King objecting to the Form and Substance of the Affidavit; and that the Prisoner had not so much as undertaken to swear that he was not the Person formerly convicted, the Court told him, they could not indulge him in his Request for a longer Time, unless he could give some probable Testimony that his Plea was true.

The Prisoner then mended his Affidavit with respect to the Witnesses, but not to himself; the Court therefore proceeded to Trial.

When two or three of the Pannel of the Jury were called over, Mr. *Ratcliffe* began to Challenge; but the Court told him, he had no Right to challenge in an Inquest of this Kind.

Several Witnesses were called to prove the Prisoner the identical Person, *Charles Ratcliffe*, who received Sentence 30 Years before. But none of them could come up to the Point, till a great Officer was sworn, who depos'd, that Mr. *Ratcliffe*, since his Confinement in the Tower, had

acknow-

acknowledged to him, when they had been drinking a Glass of Wine together, that he was the same Person. But Mr. *Ratcliffe* objected to this Gentleman's Testimony, because he had confessed that he believed that there was neither God nor Devil; and it would be an Absurdity to swear a Man upon the Bible who had no Faith in any Thing it contain'd. This however was over-rul'd, and no other Defence being made, the Jury withdrew, and in about ten Minutes brought in their Verdict, that he was the same *Charles Ratcliffe*, who was convicted in the Year 1715. And a Rule was made for the proper Writ for his Execution on the 8th of *December*, and then he was remanded back to the Tower.

When he was informed by the Court of the Time appointed for his Execution, he had the Insolence to tell them, That he wish'd they had granted him a longer Time, that so he might have acquainted some People in *France*, that he and his Brother the Earl of *Moreton* and he might have set out on their Journey together.

We come now to speak of his Behaviour; but before we do that, it will not be improper to inform our Readers, that at the same Time this Gentleman was committed to the Tower, his Equerry, Mr. *M'Dermot*, who had serv'd him in that Quality three and twenty Years, was sent to *Newgate*, being charged with High Treason.

After his Commitment to the Tower, he behaved with a sullen Pride and Haughtiness scarce supportable. As he imagin'd himself a Nobleman, and one of the first Rank, he seem'd to be perfect'd of a Notion, that Pride, Ill-nature, and Abusiveness were inseparable from noble Blood, and therefore discovered, on all Occasions, and in every Part of his Behaviour, especially to his Inferiors, those troublesome Qualities. So that

at last, it was with Difficulty that he could prevail with the Warders, or indeed, any others, to give him common Attendance.

I am sorry I am oblig'd to mention these Particulars, which are so much to his Discredit, especially when I remember the amiable Temper of the Earl, and am griev'd that there should be one in the Family who has shewn a Character which must for ever stand as a Contraste to that of his Brother. But I must do Justice to my Subject; I have shewn his Virtues in the Course of these *Memoirs*, and the Publick might well charge me with Partiality if I endeavoured to conceal or palliate his Faults. And it would be in vain to attempt it, since there are Hundreds who could convict us of Partiality were we to attempt it.

The Day of Execution.

BETWEEN Nine and Ten in the Morning the Sheriffs with their Under-Sheriffs, met at the *Mitre Tavern* in *Fenchurch-Street*, and from thence proceeded, the Under Sheriffs in a Mourning-Coach, and the Sheriffs in their Chariots to the Lower-End of the *Minories*, where they were met by their Officers, who march'd before them till they came over against the Victualling-Office where they stop'd, and then the Under Sheriffs went down to the *Bell-Gate* of the *Tower*, which is next to *Iron-Gate*, when getting out of the Mourning-Coach, they went up to the Gate, and finding the Warders through the Gate, they required Admittance to the Lieutenant-Governor of the *Tower*; upon which the Gate was open'd, and

they

they went in, and in about Ten Minutes return'd, and went into the Mourning-Coach again, which waited for them; and in a short Time after the Prisoner was brought in a Landau from his Apartment in the *Tower*, out at the *Bell Gate*, and then the Procession which was slow and solemn, was as follows: First, the Sheriffs Officers, then the Mourning-Coach in which were the two Under-Sheriffs with their Wands; then the Landau with the Prisoner, and the Officers of the *Tower* who had him in Custody; the Landau was surrounded by a Party of Foot-Guards with their Bayonets fix'd. In this Manner they proceeded up *Little Tower-Hill*, till they came opposite the Victualing-Office, where the Sheriffs waited to receive him; at which Place the Prisoner got out of the Landau, and was put into the Mourning-Coach, which carried him about a hundred Yards further, to a Booth built on Purpose to repose himself in, at the Foot of the Stairs of the Scaffold.

When he got out of the Landau, happening to see some Gentlemen he knew, he paid his Compliments to them in the genteelest Manner, and smil'd, and coming to the Side of the Mourning-Coach, he ask'd the Officers who stood to wait, whether he was to go in there; and being answer'd in the Affirmative, he only said, *It is well*, and so stepp'd in directly.

Being come to the Booth before-mentioned, attended with the Sheriffs, he staid there about ten Minutes, which Time he spent chiefly in his Devotions, speaking but very little to any Body.

He then walk'd up upon the Scaffold with great Composure. He was dress'd in his Regimentals, a Scarlet Coat, with Gold Buttons, the Sleeves fac'd with black Velvet, Scarlet Waistcoat trimm'd with Gold Lace, a Scarlet Pair of Breeches, and

white

white Silk Stockings, and his Hat with a white Feather round it.

Soon after he was upon the Stage, he asked for the Executioner, who ſtanding by him, he put his Hand in his Pocket, and took out a Parcel of Gold, and then gave it into his Hands, ſaying, *I am but a poor Man, there's ten Guineas for you, if I had more I would give it you; and I deſire you to do your Execution ſo as to put me to the leaſt Miſery you can.* He then kneeled down before the Block, and putting his Hands together he prayed for ſome little while, when two of the Warders of the Tower came to him, one of each Side of him; one of them took off his Wigg, and the other put a white Cap upon his Head; and then the unhappy Criminal roſe upon his Legs, and with their Aſſiſtance, pull'd off his Coat and Waiſtcoat. He then turn'd about and took his Leave, in a reſpectful Manner of the Sheriffs, and then untied the Collar of his Shirt, which was faſtened with a black Ribbon, and began to tuck the Collar of his Shirt down, but not being able to reach far enough behind, he deſired the Executioner to do it for him, which the Executioner did accordingly. And Then, after ſaying a ſhort Prayer to himſelf, and croſſing himſelf ſeveral Times, he laid his Head down upon the Block; and then deſired the Executioner to ſtrike far enough, and then added theſe his laſt Words, *When I ſpread my Hands thus, do you take my Head off.* And in leſs than half a Minute he gave the Signal, which was follow'd with a Stroke of the Ax, which ſever'd his Head, except a Bit of Skin which he cut aſunder at two or three Chops. The Body then fell down upon the Stage; and the Executioner ſearching his Pockets, found half a Guinea, a Silver Crucifix, and his Beads. Four Undertaker Men ſtood ready with

a Piece of red Bays to receive the Head as it fell off, and the Body was wrapt up in a Blanket, and then the Body in the Blanket, and the Head in the Bays, were put into the Coffin which ſtood upon the Stage, and the Coffin was then put into a Hearſe, which carried the Corps to the *Nagg's Head* in *Gray's Inn Lane*, from whence it was removed in the Dead of the Night, to Mr. *Walmſley's*, in *North Street*, *Red Lion Square*, from whence it is to be buried.

His Coffin was cover'd with Black Velvet, with gilt Nails and Handles, without a Plate, his Age was 53. The Inſide of the Coffin was Lead, and lin'd with white Sattin.

The Executioner after he had examined his Pockets, found that Mr. *Ratcliffe* had given him a Guinea and half more than he had told him, ſo that with the Half Guinea which he found in the Gentleman's Pockets, made in the whole Twelve Guineas.

Had he liv'd to *Thurſday* the 11*th* Inſtant, it would have been juſt 30 Years ago ſince he receiv'd Sentence of Death.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM